

The Corps of Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers

A Brief History of 2 Armoured Brigade Workshop, RCEME, in the Second World War

By
Sergeant. J.E. Henderson



The RCEME Heritage Archives



**Souvenir of the Campaign
in
France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany 1944 - 1945**

Second Canadian Armored Brigade Workshop

**Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps
and
Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers**

Editor's Note

This EME historical reprint was written at the end of the Second World War as a souvenir booklet for the men of 2 Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop, RCME. The original is in the EME Regimental archives.

The text was scanned and OCR'd by Lieutenant-Colonel (Retired) L.L. Hellemans.

Doug Knight
January 2012

Foreword

This souvenir album contains in pictorial form a record of some of the events and incidents which marked the Allied Campaign in North-West Europe from June 1941 to May 1945. To members of the Second Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop it will refresh their memory of the part which this unit was called upon to play in this victorious campaign.

J.H. Mellor
Major
Officer Commanding
2 Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop
1 June 1945

Personal Message from the Brigade Commander.

Now that the fighting has stopped I want to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation and thanks to all ranks of 2 Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop for their loyalty and hard work during the European campaign. Yours has indeed been a tough job but it has been well and truly done.

I appreciate the fact that there have been times when your facilities have been strained to the breaking point, but never once has there been any complaint from you – you were always prepared to buckle down and get on with the job no matter how badly you were swamped with work, or how trying the physical conditions under which you worked. There have been other times when it has been necessary to dispatch detachments to units in scattered points of the front. This has also added an additional burden on your organization, but due to the co-operation and esprit-de-corps and the desire on the part of all ranks to get on with the job in spite of difficulties, yours remained a well-run smooth-working organization.

I just wish to say – thanks to everyone for your wholehearted support in the past; you have done an outstanding job and I appreciate it.

As we are now on the verge of separating and making our various ways in the world, the very best of luck to you all.

G.W. Robinson
Brigadier
Commander
2 Canadian Armoured Brigade
26 May 1945

The History of the Second Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop

by

Sergeant. J.E. Henderson

This is the story of the Second Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop, RCEME. In a booklet of this size, space does not permit a longer and more detailed account, but it is hoped that the highlights recounted below will call to mind many of our own personal experiences.

Ours was a second echelon workshop, equipped and intended to do medium repairs and assembly exchanges on tanks and other equipment of Second Canadian Armoured Brigade. We were a unit of about 300 men of all trades, and 100 vehicles of all types, completely mobile and able to change location on very short notice.

Having landed on Nan Beach at Courseulles on 7 June 1944, we were the only Canadian workshop in France during that decisive week following D-day.

Our workshop was founded in June 1942 in Barriefield, Ontario, with reinforcements from No. 9 Detachment C.O.D., in Ottawa, Ontario. It was known as 2 Canadian Tank Brigade Ordnance Company. All those who enlisted were assured we would be overseas by midsummer. Shortly after, the workshop moved to Camp Borden, and it is here that the unit may be considered to have been mobilized.

Under the direction of Major J. H. Fox, our first O.C., we were made ready to move overseas by the end of July. However, the day before we were to proceed, the draft was cancelled. The feeling of disappointment hung over us for several weeks, but there was nothing we could do about it, and as it became more and more apparent that we would winter where we were, we soon settled down to the monotonous routine of camp life. In December, Major Fox was replaced as O.C. by Major F. W. McEwen.

In the early spring of 1943, we set up as a workshop for the first time. This meant handling all second echelon repairs for 2 Canadian. Tank Brigade. We continued this for three months, during which time it became evident that we were far too small a group to fulfill our task as an armoured brigade workshop. The establishment was, therefore, increased by nearly 100%, and for the next month we kept getting a steady stream of men from all over the country, particularly from British Columbia. Soon after, we knew that we would be leaving for England.

On 14 June 1943, accompanied by the band from Camp A-22 (RCASC) we marched to the station and entrained for Halifax. Few words can have more meaning to a soldier, or bring to mind more readily the stern, dark reality of the future. Long shall we remember HMS "*Andes*". The long canteen lines; sleeping on the floor, under someone on a table above, who in turn was below someone, in a hammock; the endless meal parades that ran, one into another, throughout the day; the uncertainty of the unknown future. On 22 June, after six and a half days of uneventful ocean crossing, we landed in England, at Liverpool.

None of us are likely to forget Aldershot, which is where we ended up after the long train journey from Liverpool. We were stationed at Beaumont Barracks, an old cavalry center, and in this unattractive spot we discovered England.

A month after arriving in England we were moved to Lancing, an attractive village on the south coast. Here we were billeted in what had once been pleasant summer homes. It was here that we first witnessed an air raid. Though the nearest bombs fell two to three miles off, excitement was high! It was at Lancing, too, that the brigade was reorganized.

In place of the Armoured Regiments that had come overseas with us, i.e., the Saskatchewan Horse, the Grey and Simcoe Foresters, and the Halifax Rifles, we were now joined with the 1st Hussars (London), the Fort Garry Horse (Winnipeg), and the Sherbrooke Fusiliers. We thus became

incorporated into a formation which has won for itself an enviable reputation among the armies of the Allied Nations: the Second Canadian Armoured Brigade.

From Lancing we moved to Worthing, just a couple of miles away, where we were spread all over the town. On 31 October, we moved from Worthing to Barton-on-Sea, Hants. This proved to be our best “go” in England. We were housed in the Grand Marine Hotel, with Sergeants and Officers Messes in separate buildings. We stayed here five months, through a pleasant fall and a not so pleasant winter. Here the standard of entertainment was high. We played golf and bridge, went dancing and enjoyed the hospitality of the local residents.

It came as a surprise when Major McEwen left us in January 1944. His command was taken by Major D.F. Cornish, who came to us from active service in Italy.

In February 1944, the workshop undertook its first and only scheme in England – *Scramble 1*, designed to test our mobility. Few will forget *Scramble 1*. We left our comfortable billets at noon on a Saturday and spent the coldest weekend of the winter until Sunday evening among the shrubby, wind-swept hills of Hampshire, west of the New Forest. The nicest thing about *Scramble 1* was getting back to the beers and the odd whiskey at Nellie’s.

In February, General Montgomery inspected the brigade at a ceremonial parade. He told us – “the invasion has already begun”.

It may be of interest to a few to recall some of the schemes that the workshop was connected with around this time: *Prank, Trousers, Gold Braid*. Any memories, fellows?

To any soldier who took part in the invasion of Northwestern Europe, those last weeks before 6 June 1944 need little recounting. To those who did not, nothing can depict the full picture, nor convey the atmosphere that prevailed along that stretch of the south coast of England, where marshalling occurred and from where the Invasion was eventually launched.

On 4 April we were moved to Fort Gomer, Gosport, and it was here that we started to become conscious of the real task that lay ahead. We lived outdoors in tents and out of trucks, leaves were stopped, and arrangements were made for the forwarding of all extra personal kit to kit storage at Aldershot.

On 24 April we moved to Fort Monckton, about three miles away. Monckton was a much more pleasant spot. From here we could look across the Sound to Portsmouth. Many an hour was spent watching the Navy at work from the breakwater that ran along the east side of the camp. Sometimes as many as 30 destroyers lay off-shore, and often a number of cruisers and the odd battleship sneaked in at dusk. Invasion craft could be counted by the hundreds ... the great naval base of Portsmouth was in action. It was thus here that we witnessed the building up of part of the huge invasion fleet. Here, too, we first dug slit trenches; we knew the odd thrill of enemy flares breaking the darkness overhead, of falling bombs, and the magnificence of a full scale anti-aircraft defence in action. No one who has heard it will forget the nerve racking shriek of the rocket barrage, and the muffled sound of bursting A.A. shells that turn the darkness to a majestic fireworks display.

On 25 April, the brigade was inspected by the King. Brigadier Wyman introduced the workshop as the “Heart of the Brigade”.

At 0100 hrs on 27 May our camp was sealed. The war, for us, was about to begin.

As already stated the workshop supported the spearhead of the forces invading NW Europe. A detachment was planned to arrive on the beach on D-Day, and the rest of the workshop, except for the rear party, was to follow in a couple of days. As a precaution against our being knocked out by some chance hit, we were, for the purpose of the crossing, split into six groups. One became attached to an English unit, 23 Beach Recovery Company. The others were designated as Roger, Sugar, Peter, Tare and Queen, the last named being the rear party. These groups crossed in as many different ships.

On the evening of 5 June, only Tare Group, which comprised the main body of the workshop, and Queen, remained at Fort Monckton. The others had been sent to concentration areas elsewhere (chiefly Tilbury, London) where they began embarking as early as 1 June.

Events after 5 June became so involved that we cannot do better than refer to the unit war diary, where an attempt has been made to establish, in proper sequence, what actually happened.

June 5. At late afternoon a movement order for Tare Group was received. The evening was spent in packing, cleaning the lines, and forming convoy. By midnight all was ready.

June 6. At 0315 hrs the convoy moved out of the camp area, arriving at the loading hards at 0730 hrs. Loading started immediately, and by 1000 hrs, we had been embarked in two LSTs [Landing Ships - Tank]. It was while loading was in progress that we learned of an Allied attack on the coast of France, between Le Havre and Cherbourg. The Second Canadian Armoured Brigade was in action.

By noon, the entire assault group was on the move. Tare Group, having passed through the harbour at Portsmouth, joined the convoy which was assembling off-shore, and shortly was under way. Now, too, Peter and Sugar groups were sailing through the Straits of Dover. They formed part of a convoy which, it is believed, was the first of this size to negotiate the Straits in daylight since the fall of France in 1940. Here the coast was plainly visible, and the convoy within range of enemy coastal batteries. For several minutes the ships were shelled, and a boat next to one in which our personnel was loaded was hit and sunk. In the meantime, Roger Group, intended to be the first to land, had sailed on the evening of 5 June, and at 1600 hrs on 6 June their ship had dropped anchor off the little village of Courseulles.”

By mid-day on 7 June, the entire workshop was standing offshore, waiting to land. A random guess of the number of ships there would be 500. It seemed as though we might wait a week before landing. However, we must have had a high priority rating for by mid-afternoon we made our first attempt. Peter, Sugar and Roger groups were aboard liberty ships, and landed from LSIs [Landing Ships - Infantry], their trucks being slung over the side in wire nets. Tare group having made the crossing in LSTs, was landed on “rhinos” and thence to the beach. Tare group believes the highlight of the landing occurred when about 30 of their trucks were trapped for a few hours on two “rhinos” (large steel rafts used between the LSTs and the beach). When it became dark, German aircraft started to bomb. An ammo dump some distance off was hit, lighting up the “rhinos” and surroundings. The boys were sort of unhappy, just about then. Eventually they were ordered off, and had to jump into the water. That wasn’t so good either, but it was better than staying on the “rhinos”. At 0300 hrs, the tide was low enough to permit unloading onto the beach, but because of various difficulties, this was not completed until 1000 hours.

Thus, after two years of preparation, did we find ourselves in the thick of the struggle. The night of 7-8 June was, for quite a few of us, the third consecutive one without sleep. We had landed under trying circumstances; had had to dig slit trenches on reaching the assembly area (known as Knee-Duggie) had been strafed several times between dawn and the arrival of our fighter planes; had watched trucks parked alongside of ours blown sky-high on hitting mines; and, eventually, we were sent to what had been planned as our first camp, only to be returned to the assembly area, because the line was not sufficiently secure ahead of the intended site. It was good that day to belong to a unit in which we had had time to become friends with each other, and in which the esprit-de-corps was tops.

The night of 8 June was one of continuous air raids and extremely heavy A.A. fire. Consequently we again had little sleep. Nevertheless the next day we were again in operation as a workshop. We were now repairing tanks in which men had been killed and burned to death, and which looked as though they would never fire another round, nor move another inch. But we put them back in action, working day and night. That was our job. By the end of the first week in France we had put back into action 31 tanks, all of which had been considered major battle casualties.

Although we stayed overnight at two previous localities, Fontaine Henry is considered by most of us to be our first camp in France. It was here that we became acclimatized to our part in the war; that we first traded cigarettes for eggs; made illegal trips to the front, and became acquainted with that notorious beverage “screech”. We called our camp there “Happy Valley” and it merited the name. “Happy Valley” was an apple orchard running down the middle of a narrow valley, forming a lovely

glade. Our trucks were parked, and tents pitched, at the foot of each hillock, leaving the center clear for traffic. At one end there was a water well, and a number of caves, in which evacuee civilians lived. Some of our French-speaking lads became friendly with them.

There was heavy air activity some nights, but usually the days were quiet, except for artillery. On one occasion our advanced workshop detachment (AWD) operating at Vieux Cairon was mortared out of its position twice in one day. No one was hurt, but the workshop listened to some spicy tales afterwards. From here, we had a grandstand view of the bombing of Caen by several hundred bombers.

On 13 July we moved from Fontaine Henry to La Folie. No one will forget La Folie. This village, now a mass of rubble, lies a mile north of Caen. The south bank of the Orne, which was in view of our camp was, at that time, still occupied by the enemy. Immediately after our arrival, mortaring started. At first the main target was a crossroads 100 yards away, but gradually the bombs spread until a row of self-propelled guns lined up near the north edge of our site was engaged. At the same time the village itself was being shelled. As far as the workshop was concerned, shells were coming and going in all directions. Two of our men were wounded by shrapnel.

That night extensive preparations were taken. In some cases the entire floor of a tent was sunk eighteen inches with slit trenches below that. In others, vehicles were parked in "intercepting" positions. "Below Ground" was a big favorite that night. On the 16th, we evacuated to a safer spot, Vieux Cairon.

Vieux Cairon was just a couple of miles back from La Folie. We were out of range of mortar fire, but an airfield on the opposite side of the road from us was shelled occasionally. Supply and ammo dumps around us were bombed at night. On one occasion distant A.A. fire, in the direction of Caen, covered a 180 degree stretch of the horizon.

Extract from War Diary of 18th July, 1944, - "At 0500 hours, air-fleets, heralding Operation *"Atlantic"* with the bombing of Vaucelles and Combelles, passed over the workshop, and shortly after, artillery from batteries on every side of us opened up, to join with the air force in laying a barrage, which was to develop into one of the greatest bombardments in history. *"Atlantic"* meant crossing the Orne".

The only damage of any consequence suffered by the workshop occurred on the night of 24 July, when our AWD, in Vaucelles was bombed. The bombs fell among the vehicles and tanks, and damaged several with shrapnel, but the men escaped injury by getting into slit trenches dug below the tanks.

On 11 August, the workshop crossed the Orne at Caen, and set up near St. André Sur Orne, several miles south of Caen. This was by far the worst spot we ever encountered. The area was littered with empty cans and other rubbish discarded by the infantry. Latrines had not been filled in, and to add to this unpleasant condition, a number of shallow graves, and even unburied dead, despoiled the area. Every precaution was taken to prevent the spread of diseases by the numberless flies. But in spite of all our efforts at sanitation we could not prevent the spread of a mild form of dysentery that soon made its appearance. Before long two-thirds of the workshop were "on the run". However we managed to keep most of the men out of hospital. At St. André, we witnessed the heaviest concentration of flares seen during the campaign. At one time, over 100 could be counted above us. It is an apt description of war that defines it as "long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of acute fear".

After leaving St. André sur Orne, we seemed to become disengaged from enemy activity, and our lives resolved into a somewhat humdrum state. It was only the ever-changing scene, as we crossed France and entered Belgium, which made life tolerable.

Our last location in France was at the village of Wittes, between the towns of Aire and St. Omer. There had, of course, been several important happenings between our leaving St. André and our arrival at Wittes, such as the crossing of the Seine but, on the whole, life had been fairly uneventful.

It was at Aire that we began to mix thoroughly with the civilian population. Before this, our contacts had been sporadic, our opportunities comparatively few. But at Aire, friendships were founded, which sent many of the boys back long after we left the area.

While at Aire, Maj. Cornish was moved to Army HQ and on 20 September, his successor, Maj. J.H. Mellor, arrived to take command. Here too, a large number of our boys were given the opportunity of visiting Vimy Ridge. On 29 September we left Wittes, and next morning we were in Belgium, near St.Nicholas.

It was in Belgium that the real opportunities for entertainment became available. Whereas we had passed through rural France, and had been among towns that had been completely wiped out, in Belgium we were often more fortunately placed, being invariably located near its greatest cities. It was at Antwerp, from our site near Contich, that we first enjoyed some of the finely organized entertainment that has been provided by the army for troops on the continent. Here, too, was the first opportunity to spend money in large quantities since landing, and parcels containing perfumes, laces and painting were sent home in ever increasing numbers. When we first came to Antwerp, the flying bomb, which was later to harass the city, had not yet made its appearance. The city was undamaged, the pubs well-stocked, and the women ... well, Antwerp saw plenty of us.

It was while we were at Lichtaert that Brussels was opened as a leave center. Brussels is like Antwerp, only more so. Brussels saw more of us than Antwerp. At Lichtaert the nearest town of any size was Turnhout. Not a very attractive place, but one which most of us will remember.

It must not be imagined that, while we were enjoying ourselves in Belgium, the workshop was idling. True, there was not that activity that there had been in the earlier days, but the brigade was still doing some heavy fighting in the Scheldt Estuary. The brigade was engaged, and therefore the workshop.

It, was while we were at Lichtaert that we became aware of the approach of fall: heavy autumnal rains and cold winds. Soon another aspect of workshop ingenuity made its appearance. The "drip" stove had come to stay.

The first men of the workshop to enter Holland (apart from an AWD) were those that took part in the Victory Parade at Breda early in November. We were given a great welcome by cheering crowds that lined the streets for miles. Less than a week afterwards we moved to Breda, taking up residence in a large naval barracks previously occupied by the Germans. It was the first occasion on which we had been billeted indoors, and it lasted less than a week.

On the evening of 11 November we moved into the now historic city of Nijmegen. The city was being shelled, and presented that furtive, sullen atmosphere which marks an inhabited town under fire. We moved into Moll's Garage on St. Annastraat. This became our winter quarters. For the first time we found ourselves stationed in a large town, with some certainty of a prolonged stay ahead of us. We set out to make friends and to establish ourselves comfortably. Living accommodation was, unfortunately, poor. We were quartered in the basement of the garage building, among civilians who had either had their homes destroyed, or were nervous of the shelling. Those that couldn't be accommodated inside, pitched tents on the low ground behind the garage, and were thus outdoors all winter.

A tribute must be paid here to those responsible for the unit's entertainment. Much had been done previously by way of movie shows, bingo games, canteens and stags, but the difficulties of providing adequate entertainment in the field are enormous. In Nijmegen it was different. The unit dance now became an established recreation, to which we could look forward, and where one was sure of a good time. Movies were shown regularly in the mess. Anyone desiring any particular form of entertainment or hospitality could apply for it through the unit. Educational matters were also given willing attention. The unit is indebted to its Entertainment Committee, headed by Cfn. J. H. McIlroy. Many lasting friendships were made at Nijmegen and contacts will no doubt be maintained for many years between its residents and the workshop personnel.

At 2200 hrs, 28 February 1945, we left Nijmegen, and before midnight had entered Germany. That night we made camp in the moonlit Reichswald, south-east of Nijmegen.

After a two-day stay, we moved to the outskirts of Cleve, arriving about mid-night. While we were unloading, an enemy plane attacked, strafing us with cannon fire. One man was wounded and a couple of vehicles hit. On Monday, 5 March we sent men on leave to Paris for the first time.

The area in front of the workshop had been under fire since the time of our arrival. The Germans were reported to be using a railway gun. We could hear it fired, listen to the whine of the shell, and we could watch the latter bursting on the low-lying fields in front of our site. It was believed that this shelling would soon involve the workshop, and a move was expected. It came, however, as something of a surprise to be moved back to Holland. However, this is what happened. We were moved back to the little village of Groesbeek, within sight of Nijmegen. Life moved forward but slowly during the next month. No one seemed to know what would happen next.

The 2nd of April found us on the move once more, and this time we were to cross the Rhine. Some of the worst roads in our experience preceded the crossing of this river. As the convoy moved across the swift, silent water, we could feel that we were nearing the end of our long and hazardous journey.

Even now, however, we did not stay in Germany, but turned north and re-entered Holland, setting up camp near Zeddam. Most of the work that was done during this period was undertaken by our AWDs, which were out from time to time supporting the regiments.

On 21 April we entered Germany for the third and last time. For the first time we passed through populated German towns. The women seemed always to be sweeping door-steps, while the men and boys congregated at corners; a silent, sullen crowd. At times, the Germans would try to become friendly, but we adhered to the no fraternization rules rigidly.

As the days went by it became more and more apparent that the end of the war was imminent. On 8 May the "Cease Fire" was sounded. The war was over. Over the radio we heard the stories of Victory celebrations throughout the world. Next day we read about them in the papers. In camp we kept up the blackouts, in case of snipers.

We are now back in Holland, near Vorden, in the vicinity of Zutphen. And here the story of our workshop ends, for the unit, through repatriation, is fast losing the character of the workshop that crossed the Atlantic, invaded France, and kept the Second Canadian Armoured Brigade rolling throughout a year, until at last we entered Germany and helped finish the war.

Vignettes

"Happy Valley" - The Cave theater - George Nelson, Calvados casualty - Musser, Mycock, and Reid, "honey hunters" - "Red" Morris, "screeched" to the eyebrows, testing a tank and chased by Capt. McInnes - "Hank" Kennedy's unbeaten record of one and one-fifth seconds from tent to slit trench.

La Folie - Chased out of the village by German shellfire, "Mac" McLean was asked how fast he had been pedalling to get so exhausted. "Pedal, hell," gasped "Mac", "I threw the damn bike away a mile back."

Wittes - Who remembers the time QMS Dean rode his bike up to the bar in an Aire cafe?

Llchtaert - Briceland and Flug try to spearhead the Fusiliers' advance with a wrecker.

Nijmegen - "Ejection expert" Johnstone modifies guard room with a 17-pounder - Emile Lacroix's jeep accident, even the "heater" was bent.

Hellendoorn - Remus, Lockwood, and Wienecke "test run" a horse and buggy - Paul Dame's cheer-leading.

Meppen - Swimming in "Krupp's puddle".

Anywhere - Difficulty of getting "Junior" Ellis out of bed in time for roll call - poker parties in Hannah's "back room" - "Shorty" Hunter trying to live with Joe Jolie and his radios - "Hank" Esau's knife shop and "Pappy" Ackerman's ashtray shop - Norm Cook's sarcasm when asked for blue cloth: "Sure I have blue cloth, I always carry a roll of it around with me" - dog fanciers breeding them by the dozen.

Workshop Locations in Northwest Europe

France	Courseulles	7 June 1944
	Reviere	8 June 1944
	Moulineau	10 June 1944
	La Folie	12 July 1944
	Vieux Cairon	14 July 1944
	St. Andre sur Orne	12 August 1944
	Grainville-Langannerie	18 August 1944
	Lieury	25 August 1944
	Harcourt	28 August 1944
	Bosc le Hard	2 September 1944
	Viammeville	4 September 1944
	Le Puits Berrault	7 September 1944
	Wittes	8 September 1944
Belgium	Beleele	29 September 1944
	Contich	3 October 1944
	Lichtaert	10 October 1944
Holland	Breda	6 November 1944
	Nijmegen	11 November 1944
Germany	Materborn	27 February 45
	Cleve	1 March 1945
	Hau	5 March 1945
Holland	Groesbeek	11 March 1945
	Zeddam	2 April 1945
	Mossel	5 April 1945
	Laren	8 April 1945
	Hellendoorn	15 April 1945
Germany	Dalum	21 April 1945
	Lorup	23 April 1945
	Meppen	11 April 1945
Holland	Mossel	19 April 1945

2 Canadian Armoured Brigade Workshop, RCEME

List of Personnel

Officer Commanding (on V-E Day)

Major Mellor, J. H.

Officers

Major Anderson, P. C.	Capt. Platt, P. L. W.		
Major Cornish, D. F.	Capt.. O'Neill, T. S.		
Major McEwen, F. W.	Capt. Royle, H. W.		
Major MacInnes, W. V.	Capt. Salmon, L.		
Capt. Bolin, K. O.	Capt. Wilson, G. W.		
Capt. Cardillo, N. B.	Lieut. Agnew, A. J.		
Capt.. Kerfoot, J. T.	Lieut. Curran, H. M.		
Capt. Lunderville, J. P.	Lieut. Pinn,	P.	W.
Capt.. Murphy, H. J.			

Other Ranks

Cfn Aabol, O. P.	Cfn Bates, J. M.	Cfn Cain, G. E. R.
Cfn Acheson, A. A.	Cfn Beever, W.	SSgt Carlaw, T.
Cpl Ackerman, B. E.	Cfn Becker, E. A.	Cfn Carr, G. A.
Cpl Adams, A.	Cfn Bedek, H.	S Sgt Carter,
Pte Adams, J. W.	AQMS Bell, J. W. A.	SSgt Cashmore,
Cfn Ahlm, E. A.	SSgt Bellavance	Cfn Christo, G. H.
SSgt Almond, G.	Cfn Berube, J. A. L.	Cfn Cillls,
Cfn Artamenko, J.	Cfn Blue, J. A .	Cfn Clarke, T. G.
Cfn Aviss, R. S.	Cfn Bodnarchuk	Cfn Clements, A. E.
SSgt Backlund, E. A.	Pte Borys, J.	Cfn Clement, L. W.
Cfn Badowich, M. P.	Cfn Bourque, A. J.	Cfn Cohen, C.
CSM Bailey, J. A.	Pte Bradly, W. D.	SSgt Colbert, T. A.
Cfn Bailey, W. R.	Cfn Bryceland, J. A.	Cpl Coleman, D.
Cfn Bain, J.	Cfn Burgess,	Cfn Cook, N. C.
Cfn Banks, W. L.	Cpl Burke, S. C.	Cfn Collock, E.
Cfn Barber, R. B.	LCpl Burkinshaw	Cfn Corcoran, P.
Cfn Barrett, G.	LCpl Burrowes, I. R	Pte Corcoran, J.
Pte Bateman, G.	Cfn Burns, M.	Cfn Corkish, J. H.
Pte Bates, J. F.	SQMS Butler, R. S.	Cfn Cote, M.

Cfn	Cotter, C. L.	Cfn	Fraser, H.	LCpl	Hodgins, J.
Cfn	Cotterell, E. T.	Cpl	Fraser, W. H. P.	Pte	Holmes, H. R.
SSgt	Coueffin,	Sgt	Freeman, E. S.	Sgt	Honeywell, H. M.
Cfn	Crawford, L. W.	Cfn	Frick, J. T.	Pte	Hopwood, J. C.
Cfn	Crookshank, W.	SSgt	Gallup, W. G.	AQMS	Hunder, B. A.
Pte	Culp, L. A.	Cfn	Ganzeveld, E.	Cfn	Hunter, A. F.
Pte	Currie, J.	Cfn	Gately,	Sgt	Hunter, L. G.
Cfn	Curwin,	SSgt	George, W. J.	Cfn	Isaacson, F. W.
LCpl	Dame, P. E.	Pte	Gibbs, R. C. H..	Pte	Irwin, W. F.
Cfn	Dawn, C. W.	Cfn	Gilkes,	LCpl	John, C. D.
Cfn	Day, C. E.	SSgt	Gilkinson, F.	Cpl	Johnstone, D.
Cfn	Deagle, W. J.	Pte	Gill, D. E.	SSgt	Jolie, J. E.
AQMS	Dean, R. F.	Pte	Gillies, A. M.	Cfn	Keddy, N. W.
Pte	Deloughery, L.	Pte	Glandfield, C.	Pte	Kennedy, F. J.
Cfn	Dempsey, J. A. M.	Pte	Gonyou, C.	Cfn	Kennedy, E. W.
Cfn	Dennison, W. A.	Cpl	Gough, A. G.	SSgt	Kennedy, G. H.
Pte	Deschenes, E.	Cfn	Graham, A.	Cfn	King, A. G.
Pte	Dubofsky, I. S.	Pte	Gratten, S. J.	SSgt	King, H. A.
Sgt	Eaton, E. F.	Cfn	Graves, L. B.	Cfn	Kramer,
Cfn	Ellis, C. E.	Cfn	Greenough, H.	Cpl	Kryzanowski, A. R.
Cfn	Ellis, H. T.	Cpl	Griffin, O. A.	Cpl	La Roche, R.
Cfn	Enfield, J. E.	Cfn	Gullins, A.	Cfn	Leger, G. G.
Cfn	English, R. V.	Pte	Haggart, R. G.	Cfn	Lepage, M.
LCpl	Esau, H.	Pte	Hallman, B. W.	LCpl	Lewis.
LCpl	Esterby, C. G.	Cfn	Halverson, S.	Cfn	Lindsay, J. N.
AQMS	Evans,	Cfn	Hamilton, W.	Pte	Lizatte, H. L.
Cfn	Evans,	Cfn	Hannah, C. C.	SSgt	Lockwood, C. E.
SSgt	Farley, C. A.	Cfn	Hansen, I.	Cfn	Long, J.
Cfn	Fedorowich,	Cfn	Hansen, K. S.	L Cpl	Lyons, E.
LCpl	Findley, W. J.	Cfn	Harrison, G. M.	Cpl	McArthur, C.
Cfn	Fitchett, G. F.	Cfn	Hart, J. L.	Sgt	McAuley, S.
Cfn	Flug, A.	Cfn	Harvey, H. K.	Cfn	McCoy, W. G.
Cfn	Folino, N.	Pte	Haugen, R. G.	LCpl	McEwen
Cfn	Forbes, S. G.	Cfn	Hawkins, A. F.	Cfn	McGill, W. M.
Cfn	Forsyth, W. R.	Sgt	Henderson, J. E.	Pte	McGivern, J.
Cfn	Foster, A.	Cfn	Hills, A. M.	Cfn	McIlroy, J. II
Cfn	Fowler, L. H.	Cfn	Hindes, T. J.	OQMS	McKendrick, II

Cfn	McKenzie, C. F'.	Cfn	Parnell. K.	Cfn	Simpson, L. J.
S/Sgt	McLaughlin, W	Sgt	Pelletter, H.	Cfn	Smalko,
Cfn	McLean, J. R.	Cfn	Peri, M.	LCpl	Smart, E.
Cfn	McLeod, M. B.	Sgt	Perryment, A.	Pte	Smith, D. L.
Cfn	McLeod, W. J	Cfn	Peterman. E. R.	Pte	Smith. E. B.
Cfn	McDonald, A. D.	Cfn	Phillips, H. R.	Cpl	Smith. L. S.
Cfn	MacLean, W. S.	Sgt	Piper, A. M.	LCpl	Smith, O. H.
Cfn	MacNeil, A. J.	Cfn	Pogue, E. R.	Cpl	Smith. O. R.
Cfn	MacQuarrie, A.	Cfn	Power. W. B.	Cfn	Smith, R. C.
Cfn	Magnusson, R. G.	Pte	Poyter, J.	S/Sgt	Soaft, R. A.
Cfn	Manson. H.	Cfn	Pratt, S.	Cpl	Soehner. C. A.
Cfn	Martin. A. W.	Cfn	Prentice, D. R.	Cfn	Stewart
Cfn	Masson, W. M.	Pte	Preston. K. S.	Cfn	Stinson.
Cfn	Mattioli, L. J.	Cfn	Prytherch, S.	Cfn	Storey, M. M.
Cfn	Mathison, W. O.	Cpl	Radford, P.	Cfn	Sulllivan, S. F.
Pte	Mayer, C.	LCpl	Ramsden. R. A.	Cfn	Teolis, J.
AQMS	Maynard,	Pte	Rees. W. J.	Cfn	Tlnllne, R.
Cfn	Millar, F. E. M.	Cfn	Reid, C.	Pte	Torontour, M.
Cfn	Miller, C. H.	Pte	Reid. R. V.	Cfn	Turcotte, G. J.
Cpl	Miller. W. D.	Cfn	Remus, L. A.	Sgt	Vigne, L. H.
Cfn	Mix, R. E.	Cfn	Roberts, J. H.	AQMS	Vyvyvan, P.
Cpl	Mollison. A. D.	Sgt	Robertson, J. H.	S/Sgt	Ward. J. J.
Sgt	Munroe. W. A.	AvMS	Robertson, W.	Cfn	Ward. J.
Cfn	Murphy. G. P.	Cfn	Robinson, K.S.	Cfn	Watson. D. R.
Cfn	Musser, H.	Sgt	Rogers, A	Cfn	Watson, W.
Cfn	Mycock. W. J.	LCpl	Rose, A	Cfn	Watts, L. E.
Pte	Nelson. G. W.	Cfn	Ross, D	Cfn	Webb. H. L.
Cfn	Newstead,	Cfn	Rousseau, P. E.	Cfn	Webster, W.
Cfn	Nichols. M. E.	Cfn	Rugg.	Sgt	Wienccki, A. F.
S Sgt	Norman. T. A.	LCpl	Rundle. J. C.	Cfn	Williamson. P. B.
Cfn	Nystrom. B. E.	Cfn	Scott, L.E.	Cfn	Wills. R. R.
Cfn	Olsen, C. E.	Cfn	Shangraw	Cfn	Wiper, J.
Cfn	Olsen, F. C.	Pte	Shannon, J.	Pte	Zalasky, N. A.
Cfn	Olsen. L.	Cfn	Shrank, M. W.		
Cfn	Palmer, H.	Cfn	Shedden, B. W.		